

The Poet's Corner.

MY WALK TO CHURCE.

BY HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

Breathing the summer-scented air;
Along the bovsky mountain way,
Each Lordly day, a mile away.Believe, the glorious river lies—
A bright broad-breasted, ivy-cloven—
A broad, broad-blowne, vine-clad river.
Fair as the hills of Gaulies.Young flowers are in my path. I hear
The music of unrecorded tone,

The music of the mountain's roar.

Ah, something melts along the sky,

And something rises from the ground,

And fills the air with fragrance.

Ah, something of right and sound.

It is not that I strive to see,

What love in hairy shapes has brought;

Its gracious message, like a dove, dropt.

I merely walk with open heart;

Which feels the secret in the sign:

But, oh, how large are the feet divine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds

That sang to Ceylon before the sea.

And with them, coming world by world,

Sometime in royal vesture glow.

The likes of He called so fair,

Which never a spot, yet show

And then along the fragrant hills—

A radiant presence seems to move,

And earth grows fairer at its sight.

And now I see one perfect face,

And hastening to my church's door,

Fin. Him with the holy plan.

—[Harper's Magazine.]

Ladies' Department.

LOVE OR PITY?

(Germantown Telegraph.)

It was a little of one row of gray houses facing the sea. At a down-stair window, looking out at the murky sea and sun, John Winifred stood, trying hard to speak calmly, as friends who had never quavered.

They had a little apart, each with family clapped to his shoulder, and proudly, as John's stern-faced face was very grave; Winifred's clear blue eyes looked a little sorrowful. She and John had quarreled four years before, and the scene was very still in the memories of both.

"I had no idea that you were trying here."

Winifred said, "John, had when I had found them to be his and his cousin had found them to be his—none what—ever, I assure you. Amy did not tell me you were expected, but I had followed her, and she had spoken for some minutes."

"Amy told me you meant to spend the winter in London," said Winifred, at length.

"Yes; I am going back there," replied John.

She nearly asked, "When?" but checked herself in time. Severe indifference is what she wished; her words and manners to express, and she was determined to show no unseemly eagerness for his departure.

But it was of his own figure that he could not believe in her indifference, but assumed that the present must have.

"I am not on Monday or Tuesday," he said.

"I am on a day or two for a day or two, I wanted to see Amy and talk over things with Robert; but I shall go back at the beginning of the week, at the latest! I mean to do from the first."

"I've found it hard, no doubt, to leave your work," observed Winifred.

"Yes."

"You are adopting the East End, I hear."

"I am working there."

"Is not duty?" said Winifred, dryly, with a smile, as she had to be born with a sense of duty as strong as yours."

In spite of all his efforts to speak indifferently, a touch of malice would reveal it.

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